Ann Fleming.

Waters (Used.) 2.69

A

YEAR IN CANADA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

A

YEAR IN CANADA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ANN CUTHBERT KNIGHT.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

FOR DOIG AND STIRLING, EDINBURGH; AND BALDWIN, CRADOCK AND JOY, LONDON.

1816.

TO MISS CRUDEN.

FRIEND of my childhood! still unchanged and kind!
Thine be the inscriptive lay—Oh! justly thine—
Who, with more fondness, thro' the unfolding mind,
Watch'd the gay beam of sportive Fancy shine?

Who, when the world, with promised pleasure crown'd,
Glow'd on the eager gaze of op'ning youth,
Wishful to warn—reluctant still to wound,
Half told its folly—half unveil'd the truth?

ANN CUTHBERT KNIGHT.

Aberdeen, April 5, 1815.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
A YEAR IN CANADA,	Part I.	1
.....	II.	11
.....	III.	27
.....	IV.	39
.....	V.	51
NOTES.—Part I.		65
.....	II.	71
.....	III.	76
.....	IV.	78
.....	V.	82
GERALDINE, ...		89

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

The Keep-Sake, ...	121
On the Death of Miss Eliza Farquharson Cruden,	123

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

General view of the country.— Sketch of the course of the St Lawrence. Winter. Sleigh travelling on the ice and through a forest. The cottage of a Scotch Highlander.—View of a village in Glengary.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART FIRST.

1.

Breeze of another clime, whose gentle gales
Sigh in soft whispers through yon fairy grove,
Mid Transatlantic streams, and hills, and vales,
Still in the vision of remembrance wove!
Oh! yet ere time each vivid tint efface,
Yet might the Muse, on Mem'ry's wing, explore
These western shades,—the varying landscape trace,
And weave the soothing lay, and half restore
Those scenes that once could charm—now haply
view'd no more!

2.

And bright on Fancy's view the picture glows,
The wood-crown'd hills of Canada arise,
And many a forest waves its verdant boughs,
And many a cultured vale between them lies.
Wide through the land her own St Lawrence pours
His swelling stream, to meet the ocean's waves;
Now calmly steals along his sylvan shores,
Now rushing o'er the rocky *rapids* raves,
His village-skirted banks and spire-crown'd* island laves.

3.

Or gliding onward rolls his azure pride
Beneath his guardian fort's majestic walls;
Round smiling Orleans leads his spreading tide,
And meets the rush of Montmorency's falls;
Or wid'ning sweeps, where lonely forests shade
The untrodden banks, and distant mountain's breast;
Where haply scarce a hunter's step has stray'd;
Nor sounding bow, nor thund'ring tube, molest
The moose-deer's grassy haunt, the wild-bird's wood-land nest.

---

* Montreal.

4.

Delightful land! though Winter keen and chill,
Long o'er thy clime with piercing rigour reign,
Bind in its icy chains the freezing rill,
And load with drifting snows the viewless plain;
Yet sweet the fruits thy glowing summer yields,
And gay its wilding bloom's luxuriant dye,
Rich are the various products of thy fields,
Thy ample woods the cheerful blaze supply,
Healthful thy keenest breeze and clear thy azure sky.

5.

Ev'n while around it fall the feath'ry snows,
May comfort in thy loneliest cottage smile;
Bright in the stove the blazing maple glows,
And Plenty gaily spreads the board of Toil;
Nor yet unpleasing is the wintry waste,
Where o'er the ice-bound wave, or beaten way,
Along the path with verdant branches graced,
Unwearying Industry, and Pleasure gay,
Lead the deep loaded *traine*,[1] and guide the rapid *sleigh*.

6.

Or where on high the lofty cedar throws
Its branching arms, and towers in air sublime,
As thick around the deep'ning forests close,
The wond'ring trav'ller finds a milder[2] clime,
Where mingling with the pine's unfading green,
The wither'd foliage of the oak tree's bough,
And elm, and maple's leafless sprays are seen,
And spreading beech, and spiry poplars grow,
And many a youngling plant rears its light stem below.

7.

Come then a while the forest path essay;
Though lone the wild, and deep the yielding snow,
Yet many a passing *traine* has track'd the way,
And scarcely[3] through the bush the breezes blow;
Through checq'ring trees to fancy's view appears
A cottage in the wild's sequester'd bound;
'Tis but a pine tree's roots, o'er-borne by years;
The pond'rous trunk has spread a ruin round,
Branches and trees o'erthrown cumber the snow-clad ground.

8.

Used to the path, the hardy horses scour
Down the quick slope and up the snowy hill,
Smoothly they pass where Spring's delightful hour
Saw the wide spreading swamp and flowing rill.
See, bending low yon youngling birch-tree throws
A drooping thicket in the narrow way,
Shake from its loaded boughs the weight of snows,
The fleecy shower deserts the trembling spray,
And free'd, o'erhead, once more the quiv'ring branches play.

9.

Brighter through op'ning boughs the sun-beams gleam—
Whose axe sounds heavy in the sylvan wild?
Dear is that habit in a foreign clime,
Thy well-known tartan, Caledonia's child!
By hard-drawn rents and pinching want compell'd,
He left the heath-crown'd hill and verdant glen,
The straw-roof'd cot—the bothy's summer bield,
To seek a home beyond th' Atlantic main,
Deep in these circling woods;—nor sought that home in vain.

10.

The axe, the flame assail'd the trembling glade—
The cottage rose, on disencumber'd ground,
Mid lands new ravish'd from the forest's shade,
The winding wormfence stole its simple bound;
Deep bosom'd in th' embowering wood's embrace,
His store increasing mark'd the flight of time;
And fondly there he rear'd his youthful race
From childhood's blush to manhood's blooming prime,
And reap'd the fertile field, and bless'd the gen'rous clime.

11.

Yet as by strangers rear'd an orphan'd child,
While his fond heart allows each grateful claim,
May still recal how once his parent smiled,
And his eyes glisten at a mother's name;
Thus on each bosom pictured seems to dwell
Some dear remembrance of a distant shore,
While fondly querulous of Scotland's weal,
Still hangs the father o'er the tales of yore,
Still sighs to say, "We view our native land no more!"

12.

But those who cling around their grandsire's knees,
Or course the floor in frolic gambols bland,
When fleeting years mature the blooming race,
Shall love this western world, and know no dearer land.
Farewell,—for day declines—the slanting ray
With fainter lustre gilds the cottage room,
And, ere the moon her silver lamp display,
Shall twilight wave on evening's fairy loom;
Short is the path, but deep the forest's sombre gloom.

13.

Soon shall those spreading boughs be lowly laid,
Through which now blushing gleams the western sky,
Fast stealing on the forest's inmost glade,
Glengary's[4] scatter'd villages are nigh.
Nor need ye ask her race from whence they sprung,
The stately step of Scotland's sons is there;
Flows from that maiden's lip the Celtic song;
Not such the charms that grace Canadienne fair,
Deep is her cheek's warm blush, and bright her flaxen hair.

14.

Sweet cottage homes!—abodes of rural peace,
Of hospitable joy and harmless mirth!
Far from your bowers shall Mem'ry oft retrace,
How bright the faggots on each household hearth
Blazed;—as a stranger,—to Columbia's clime,
Who came, perchance, to pass a wint'ry day,
Led to these village haunts in joyous time,
And kindly welcom'd by the circle gay,
Join'd in the mazy dance, and shared the glad strathspey.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

Conclusion of Winter.—Draining the maple juice.—The quick and luxuriant vegetation of Spring.—Commencement of Summer.—A band of Indians.—Squaws.—Their dress and appearance described.—Indian mother and child.—Apostrophe to the Indian child.—Reflections on the disposition and attainments of the Indians as contrasted with those of civilized nations.—A religious procession.—Character of the Canadian peasantry.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART SECOND.

1.

PILGRIM on earth! although the book of Fate
Thy page of life in gloomy hues pourtray,
Mourn not.—Its summer days, how short their date!
Its winter nights, how fast they fleet away!
Lo! from yon azure arch the orb of day
A downward beam o'er arctic regions throws,
Trembles the faithless ice beneath his sway,
Reflected from the wide expanse of snows,
Keen on the dazzled eye the bright effulgence glows.

2.

Now while the frost still hangs on evening's train,
And mild at morn the melting south-wind blows,
'Tis time the maple's luscious juice to drain;
Sweet through the new-made wound the liquid flows.
The trees are pierced,—the vessels placed below,
Slow o'er th' inserted wedge the sap distils,
Beneath the cauldron crackling faggots glow,
And thick'ning o'er the fire the sugar boils,
Guiltless its sweets, for here no wretched Lybian toils.

3.

O'er the dark mead the eager cattle bend,
Where Autumn's pale grass specks the melting snows,
The ice gives way,—the softning showers descend;
Wide o'er the land the genial moisture flows.
Fann'd by the southern breeze's softest wing,
Beneath the ardent sun's refulgent glow,
At once the various verdure of the Spring
Spreads o'er the vales, and bursts from every bough;
Gay in luxuriant white th' extended orchards blow.

4.

And ere the dawn of June's resplendent morn
Has Nature's hand her sweetest chaplet wove,
Mingled the lilac with the milk-white thorn,
And hung with op'ning blooms the wildest grove ;
The yellow marshflower paints the swamps with gold,
O'er violet tufts the wood's pale lilies blow,
The creeping strawberry its buds unfolds,
The wild vine winds around the poplar's bough,
Th' uncultured plum-tree spreads its wreaths of flowering snow.

5.

Scenes gaily wild—though there the vernal bloom
With fleeting fragrance vanish'd from the eye;
Though fierce the radiance of the summer's noon,
Sweet was the blush that tinged its orient sky,
As o'er the river's undulating breast
The bright-hair'd Morn her dawning lustre threw,
And woodland isles in azure waves embraced,
Hill, spire, and cottage met the wand'ring view,
And fields where fragrance breathed, impearl'd with glist'ning dew.

6.

While haply doom'd to see no second Spring,
The unconscious lamb the juicy herbage prest,
And the gay humming-bird on radiant wing
Hung o'er the towering sunflower's golden breast,
And Labour, waking to his glad employ,
View'd with elated heart the prospect fair,
While Nature teem'd with life, and Love and Joy
Play'd o'er the earth and warbled in the air,
And still'd the throb of grief and chased the gloom
of care.

7.

Hark! 'tis their shout—and lo, in wild costume
The roving Indians' tawny forms appear!
Waves through their sable locks the gaudy plume
Painted and arm'd—perchance the foe to dare,
And see—along the dusty road they pass—
Behind the warrior band a female train!
Daughters of Europe! though uncouth their guise,
Though they must bear the load and till the plain,
Yet look not,—gaze not here with undeserved dis-
dain.

8.

What though no zone in graceful folds confine
The short dark vest that hides her bosom's swell.
Yet may that form a gentle heart enshrine,
Where spotless faith and mild affection dwell;
Though born to toil beneath an ardent sky,
No sweet vermilion blush her cheek adorn,
Yet feeling lightens in the Squaw's dark eye;
Haply her bosom nobly knows to spurn
Your pity, should it blend th' ungen'rous glance of scorn.

9.

A while beneath an elm their steps they staid,
Then two approaching claim'd a nearer view,
Each in her hand her spell-wove wares display'd,
The box and basket dyed of various hue;
The one—her blanket thrown across her arm,
Her hat's dark band a blushing wild rose stay'd,
Gay beam'd her glance with youth's attractive charm,
Gay on her lip the smile of candour play'd;
Sedate the other's mien beneath a beaver's shade;

10.

An olive blanket almost hid from view
Her form, yet well beneath its folds were seen,
The scarlet leggins edged with darker blue,
The tinsel fringe and pliant mocasin ;
Back o'er her shoulders from her forehead hung,
What seem'd a basket deck'd with gaudy taste ;
Gently her hand the leathern band unswung,
And gently on the floor the burden placed,
Shaded with flowing silk—with azure ribbon graced.

11.

Softly aside the crimson veil she lays,
Removes the muslin deck'd with tinsel toy,
Still, still, unconscious of a stranger's gaze,
He smiles through guiltless dreams, her slumbering boy!
Not on the cradle's downy bed composed,
Nor softly pillow'd on his mother's breast!
By thongs suspended, and with hoops inclosed,
Prison'd his little limbs,—his moveless waist
Close to th' unpliant board with circling fillets braced!

12.

Ah! seldom hast thou known the sweet caress,
Clasp'd in the arms or dandled on the knee;
Yet if that eye's dark glance her heart express,
With all a mother's love she looks on thee.
Child of the hut! shall philanthropic breast
Lament thy present lot or future doom?
Peaceful thy bosom now and sweet thy rest;
But through the storms of passion yet to come,
What star shall gild thy path? what beam thy soul illume?

13.

Shall mild Religion woo thee to be blest,
And chase the shades of Superstition drear,
Insidious Murder's lifted arm arrest,
And drown Revenge in Mercy's hallow'd tear?
Or civil life with all its soothing art,
The sweets of comfort round thy mansion strew?
Or Science ev'n her simplest truths impart,
To tell thy soul how former ages flew,
Or guide through Nature's realms thy fond inquiring view?

14.

Yet if to thee Heav'n's noblest gift denied,
Not thine the guilt to cast that gift away;
Nor shalt thou at the shrine of Wealth or Pride,
For sordid int'rest, Friendship's cause betray;
Nor learn to lock from Want's imploring eye
The glitt'ring hoard by fav'ring fortune giv'n;
Nor in the cause of Infidelity,
By Passion's voice from Truth to Error driv'n,
Strive in the mist of Doubt to veil the light from Heav'n.

15.

And ah! though sad the doom their victims prove,
Yet Truth shall give thy forest race their due,
The praise of fearless courage, kindred love,
And patient fortitude, and friendship true.
And sure ungentle is the heart that e'er
Could to the wand'rer of these tribes deny
The welcome draught in Summer's parching air,
Or nightly shelter from the wint'ry sky,
Or aught that Want can ask and Kindness well supply.

16.

For through their woods if Europe's sons have stray'd,
When falling night her shadowy curtains drew,
As deep'ning gloom involved the forest's shade,
And thick around them rose the chilling dew;
Then,—if an Indian's lowly hut appear'd,
Has not its tenant's hospitable care,
Soon as the ent'ring stranger's voice was heard,
Renew'd the blaze, and bid the white man share
The wigwam's shelt'ring roof—the hunter's forest fare?

17.

Yet "Europe's race, and wild Columbia's train,
Are haply creatures of a diff'rent mould."
Shame to th' ungen'rous thought!—Has Heav'n in vain,
Told whence the spreading waves of Being roll'd?
Blest be th' enlighten'd soul, in Lybia's child,
Who sees a ruder form of kindred earth;
Nor spurns the tawny wand'rer of the wild;
Nor scorns to mark in form of forest birth,
The spark of native wit, or unembellish'd worth!

18.

Unloose the band of fond fraternal love,
And who for Afric's sable sons shall plead?
Or should the blood-hound scour yon western grove,
Who, who shall rise to bar the barb'rous deed?
Ages long lost return! in Britain's isle
Hark! 'tis the human victim's dismal groan,
See! 'tis the frantic Druid's lurid smile,
Mark the wild native,—cheerless and alone,
The ties of civil life and all its joys unknown!

19.

Rise, sons of Doubt!—the sacred page denied,
Say "These are beings of ignobler race."
Go with Expediency's presumptuous pride,
And sweep the savage tribe from Nature's face!
Truth sought the land, and Industry, and Art,
And Social Order in her train appear'd;
Reason the soul, and Rapture claim'd the heart,
Her guarded banner bright-eyed Freedom rear'd,
And Learning trimm'd her lamp, and Fancy's harp
was heard.

20.

So where Columbia's red-plumed warriors roam,
Rude and uncultured as their wildest grove;
As bright a beam may gild the forest's gloom,
And Justice reign, and Art and Science rove.
Yes,—the bright vision of the hallow'd sage,
The loveliest form by poet's pen pourtray'd,
Comes on the wings of Time—the blissful age,
When Peace and Love in lucid robes array'd,
Shall reign from Hoogly's banks to Indiana's shade.

21.

The orient's blush is lost, the air serene,
Th' ascending sun has drunk the spangling dew,
And scarce a milk-white cloud is wand'ring seen,
To speck the face of Heav'n's ethereal blue;
Tired of the blaze the cattle seek the stream,
Or crowd to rest beneath the spreading shade,
The breeze is hush'd;—but hark where chaunted hymn
And murmur'd prayer the list'ning ear invade,
And lo, a simple band wind slowly round the glade!

22.

O thou! whose faith embraced a purer creed,
To whom a ray of clearer light was giv'n,
Firm in the hallow'd path of truth proceed,
And bless the kind mysterious care of Heav'n:
But though thy heart's indignant feelings glow,
To trace the crimes of Rome's tyrannic day,
While yet her power annull'd the dearest vow,
Wrested the sceptred monarch's rightful sway,
Mock'd at the martyr's groans, and bade a world obey:

23.

Yet frown not here as the Canadian kneels,
Or joins the white-robed priest's attendant train,
As past his fields the slow procession steals,
To thank th' all-bounteous God, and bless the rising grain.
Nor with thy harshest censure brand the rite,
Perhaps their hearts with gratitude expand;
Who but the power that dwells in viewless light,
Can mark the chain of thought's mysterious band?
'Tis His to hold the scales that suit no mortal hand.

24.

Though still th' enlighten'd soul may sigh to trace
The dark remains of fear, with error twined,
And all the dictates of the cloister'd race,
Stamp'd on th' undoubting, unresisting mind;
Yet calm the peasant's life, and dear his home,
Amid those scenes he pass'd life's gayest day,
Roved o'er yon vales, and in that wild wood's gloom,
Where now, perchance, his rambling children stray,
First pluckt the blushing plum and stript the nut-
tree's spray.

25.

There too, when Winter spread the whit'ning shower,
And piercing frosts confirm'd his iron reign,
Braced round his warm capot the gay ceinture,
And led with infant pride his mimic train;
And well I ween can Mem'ry paint the day,
When first his scythe assail'd yon flowery mead;
And how he sought, with evening's twilight ray,
Her father's bower, by youthful fancy led,
And woo'd, and won the fair that shares his rural
shed.

26.

Pleased as he views the moon's nocturnal rays,
He knows not, dreams not, man of mortal birth
Has e'er explored the planet's mystic maze,
Measured the sun's bright orb, or spann'd the earth;
And as at wintry eve, or festal day,
The song, the game amuse his simple mind,
He joins the dance, he joins the choral lay,
To thoughtless mirth or vacant ease resign'd,
Sighs for no scene more gay, no pleasure more refined.

27.

Nor may the tenant of these vallies vie
With the bold cossack, or the fierce hussar,
Nor all their ardour kindle in his eye,
Should martial glory woo to distant war;
Yet here when peals Invasion's shrill alarm,
Her hostile squadrons still may meet the brave,
Nor fear nor sloth shall chain the peasant's arm,
Summon'd his laws, his rights, his land to save,
Firm shall his step advance and keen his weapon wave.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

A view of the fields in Summer.—A thunder-storm.—Reflections suggested by it.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART THIRD.

—*Reflections*

I.

DWELLS there on earth with heart of sullen mould
Who scorns the flow'ry charms of Spring to share;
Joyless can see the vernal blooms unfold,
Tread the green vales, and breathe the balmy air;
Or when her sweet but transient reign is o'er,
And bright-eyed Summer, empress of the plain,
Decks her rich zone with many a glowing flower,
The lovely symbols of her radiant reign,
Can view the changing scene with listless dull disdain?

2.

Dwells there on earth whose cold unfeeling pride,
Secured by wealth from want and selfish fear,
Unmoved can view the green fields waving wide,
With the rich promise of a plenteous year?
Go, and the fond enthusiast's bliss deride;
Go, and pursue Ambition's emptier toy;
But, child of Nature, turn thee not to chide,
Now while she breathes benevolence and joy,
Oh! let no ruder thought the hallow'd thrill destroy!

3.

Gay o'er the gentle slope and spreading vales,
In green luxuriance waves the bending grain,
The op'ning beanflower scents the murm'ring gales,
The drooping pea-bloom blossoms o'er the plain;
Its flower-crown'd stem the dark potatoe rears,
Deep in the drill the roots increasing store;
A gayer green the springing buckwheat wears,
In August's sun to spread her milky flower,
And yield her rich increase at harvest's latest hour.

4.

Plant of the East! when Rome with thund'ring arm,
Pour'd on thy native plains the fierce crusade,
Some friend to culture stole thy dark-brown germ,
And bade its blossom grace th' Italian glade
Thence spreading fast the small prolific grains,
Once more Improvement's genius bore away;
And well the product suits those western plains,
Where Winter ling'ring chills the vernal day,
And April's gentle showers fall in the lap of May.

5.

In towering ranks the loftier maize enfolds
Her swelling grain the verdant husk below,
And bright beneath with flowers of orient gold,
The broad-leaved pompkin creeps from row to row;
Wide o'er the mead beneath the scorching ray,
A jocund band its fading fragrance spread,
The new-fall'n flowers, that drunk the dew to day,
Ere evening tinge yon western sky with red,
Borne from their parent field may strew th' inclosing shed.

6.

Faint o'er th' unshelter'd plains the zephyr blows,
Yet whisp'ring welcome waves yon verdant shade,
Where rich around the juicy wild rasp glows,
And creeping vines th' unripen'd cluster spread;
Ah! there a thousand puny darts invade;
His shrill trump sounding the musquito flies,
In restless myriads swarming through the glade,
From bush and fen the insect armies rise,
And still the thirsty lance the tiny warrior plies.

7.

The shrinking stream in fainter murmurs flows,
Droops the green blade and fades the sick'ning flower,
O'er panting life the tide of splendour glows,
And still and sultry rolls the noontide hour.
But lo! dark louring o'er the changing sky,
Yon livid cloud the coming storm foretells;
The vivid lightnings bluely flash on high,
The rattling hail-shower sweeps along the vales,
And frequent, deep, and loud the rolling thunder peals.

8.

No more embattled hosts, in chill amaze,
Shrink at the sound—pale Omen's spell-bound prey;
Calmly the sage can view the meteor blaze,
Shoot through the ambient gloom its forky ray;
Yet fate may mark its course;—but now remote
The echoing thunder rolls along the sky,
Still the deep murmur soothes to sober thought,
And solemn awe,—from Contemplation's eye,
Afar the frolic train of mirth and fancy fly.

9.

Impending vapours robe, in sombrous hue,
The shrouded summit of yon rising hill;
And, veiling still the bright etherial blue,
O'ershadowing clouds their liquid store distil;
And darker glooms may hide from mortal view
The secret purpose of Almighty Power;
Yet He who spreads the lucid pearls of dew,
Wings the dread bolt, and bids the torrent pour,
Nor vainly gleams the flash, nor idly falls the shower.

10.

And say, has Science ranged through Nature's store,
Found in the mossy shore, or stormy main,
Still brighter proofs of Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Still closer links of Being's wondrous chain?
And yet athwart the soul-ennobling ray,
Shall sceptic Pride invidious darkness fling,
Does self-bewilder'd Reason frame the lay,
That suits no chord in Nature's tuneful string,
Or blinded Folly list and wild Presumption sing?

11.

" The vapour, wafted from the billowy deep,
Shall seek once more the bosom of the main;
The leaves that mould'ring in the forest sleep
May rise to vegetable life again;
But the bright beam of thought, th' inquiring mind,
Intent to mark, and eager to unfold
The laws to matter's varying forms assign'd,
Since first the great creative mandate roll'd
Earth through the vast expanse, and hung yon lamps of gold;

12.

" Which still, on bolder wing, with nobler aim,
Can seek the Sire of Being's awful shrine ;
And bending there, with filial rev'rence, claim
Its Maker's care, and trust his power benign ;
That soul which, pausing at th' extent of space,
Still sighs new worlds, new wonders, to explore,
Extinct at once shall sink in Death's embrace,
Lost in oblivious gloom to rise no more ;
'Tis but a transient spark, the meteor of an hour.

13.

" Lo ! in the caves where Ocean's waters ooze,
The struggling lobster bursts his pris'ning shell,
Not vainly taught ; creative power renews
O'er all his swelling form its shelt'ring mail ;
See the green insect seek its slumb'ring cell,
Then drop the shroud and spring to life again ;
Mark but the meanest reptile of the vale,
The feath'ry race, the tenants of the main,
All in their sphere are blest, no instinct given in vain.

14.

" But thou who o'er this nether world supreme.
May'st gaze on Nature with a monarch's eye!
Thou in whose loneliest cave, and wildest dream,
Floats some bright form of Immortality!
Yet fated from the cradle to the tomb,
The sport of care, and disappointment's prey;
Th' aspiring hope that shines through sorrow's gloom,
To light thy view to climes of happier day,
Is but a fev'rish dream—an ignis fatuus ray."

15.

And yet if Wisdom rule, and earth its care,
Where is the reign of Virtue, Joy, and Love?
Ah! why should Vice corrupt, or Grief or Care
With painful throb the anguish'd bosom move?
Mark but the haughty tyrant's dread decree,
The treach'rous smile, th' assassin's cowardly arm!
Deceit more faithless than the summer sea,
And passion wilder than its wintry storm,
Rise in the human soul, and all its charms deform.

16.

Still the blest tenant of a happier sphere,
(Should such the haunts of Adam's race explore,)
Might say, " the lofty ruin once was fair,"
The voice of Mercy has unfolded more.
And thou who lovest to trace the guiding clue,
And mark how Nature's poison guilt began,
If e'er the sacred volume to thy view
Display'd the birth, the fall, the fate of man;
Go, and with angels muse on Heaven's eternal plan!

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

Harvest.—Observations on the system of husbandry.—Allusion to the general desertion of the country by men of property on its being ceded to the British.—An evening scene.—A troop of soldiers.—A moonlight scene.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART FOURTH.

1.

Soft is the touch of Habit's fairy wand,
But strong the spell that mystic touch conveys;
'Tis hers to mock the storm on Lapland's strand,
Or blunt the fervours of the torrid blaze.
'Tis she that soothes the dull mechanic's toil,
For whom unseen the sweets of Nature bloom,
Who, scarcely conscious of the Summer's smile,
Amid the city's smoke and dust and gloom,
Bends o'er the sultry forge, or plies the tedious loom.

2.

Yet, does his heart's warm stream as purely flow,
As that which circles in the peasant's breast?
Or can the never-varying task bestow
As sweet a charm to labour or to rest,
As round his sun-burnt brow the zephyr flings,
At morn's gay dawn, or evening's calm decline,
As that which greets him when the wild-bird sings,
While skies, and fields, and woods, their charms combine,
And aye their changeful wreath the fleeting seasons twine?

3.

Scarce the last ling'ring rose has left the spray,
When early harvest whitens o'er the plain,
And, mid their sultry task, content and gay,
Spread o'er the waving field the reaper train;
And now beneath the sickle sinks the grain,
And now the swelling sheaves behind it rise,
Not long to linger on the stubble plain,
Beneath the sunny beam of August's skies,
Fast on the zephyr's wing th' exhaling moisture flies.

And yet, fair Scotland! though thy hills and moors
At farther distance drink the genial ray,
Though oft unkindly blasts and chilling showers,
In Winter's livery shroud the autumnal day,
Full well thy ripen'd harvests may compare
With those which bask in Summer's radiant smile,
For Industry has nursed Improvement there,
And Wealth and Art have nerved the arm of Toil,
And charm'd the rugged clime and tamed the stub-
born soil.

5.

Nor Wealth nor Art attended culture here,
When first from lillied France th' advent'rous band,
O'er the wild Ocean held their bold career,
And raised their homes amid the sylvan land;
For many an age the forest's annual spoil
Had swell'd the sod with vegetable mould,
The forest blazed, and o'er the kindly soil
Luxuriant harvests waved their rip'ning gold,
Wide o'er the half-till'd plains the tide of plenty
roll'd.

6.

Successive harvests rose,—th' exhausted fields,
" One grateful mite of all they gave," demand;
Till, ill repaid, and earth reluctant yields
A scantier increase to the reaper's hand;
Marking the change, yet heedless of its cause,
Father and son the self-same plan pursue,
Calm ignorance still bends to custom's laws,
Nor change nor rest the wearied fields renew;
And light the wheat ear waves where rich erewhile
it grew.

7.

And are there none who, versed in Nature's lore,
Might kindly stoop to guide the rustic's toil;
Each fav'rite product of the clime explore,
And lend new vigour to th' exhausted soil?
Proudly they fled who might have nobly staid,
Lords of the rural dome and fair domain;
Have led the Muses through the sylvan glade,
And woo'd Improvement to the cultured plain,
Pride of the infant land, and patterns of the swain

8.

Mould'ring beneath some tasteless peasant's care,
Or waste and lone the Seigneur's mansion lies;
Sweet bard of Auburn! could'st thou wander there,
Ev'n thou might'st love to see the villas rise.
Yet ne'er may Grandeur stalk with giant stride,
And grasp with iron hand the wide domain,
To rear the dome of solitary pride,
And "spurn the smiling cottage from the plain,"
Lull'd to luxurious ease, or wrapt in cold disdain;

9.

Or grinding Av'rice watch the time of need,
To seize with fox-like gripe the sacred soil,
(Heedless though Pity's cherub accents plead)
To children hallow'd by their father's toil;
Then bid the meads with fresher verdure shine,
The well-till'd fields with teeming plenty wave,
And—on his native plains the rustic pine
In vain, to share those stores his labour gave,
Sigh at a tyrant's pride, and sink a cheerless slave.

10.

For still his fields th' unskilful toil repay,
Still swells the peasant's heart to gladsome tone,
As the green blade salutes the vernal ray,
The labour his—the harvest too his own;
He fears no rising rent—no landlord's frown,
And here perhaps might Av'rice frown in vain.
The wild deer flees to forests all his own,
Woods yet unknown, and fields untill'd remain,
And well the rustic race might spurn Oppression's reign.

11.

But tasks beyond her wasted plains demand
The hand of friendly aid and fost'ring care;
The lamp of knowledge dimly lights the land,
The years of childhood fleet neglected there;
Oh! is it Reason's wish or Fancy's dream,
That hails the dawning of a lovelier day,
Where public-spirit blends its radiant beam
With Learning's light and pure Religion's ray,
Sweet as the blush of morn that gilds the wand'rer's way!

12.

When Worth and Taste shall grace the rural shade,
And fan in vulgar breasts the patriot flame,
To youthful eyes the page of knowledge spread,
And point to emulation merit's claim;
And still with watchful eye and liberal hand,
Direct the stream of bounty where to flow,
To lead Improvement o'er the smiling land,
And bid the orphan's grateful bosom glow,
Or cheer the heart of Age and Poverty and Woe.

13.

And who each generous aim shall dare arrest?
Blooms Science only for the cloister's cell?
Came Revelation to be wrapt in mist?
Ah! lift from Truth's fair page th' impending veil!
And lo, where Prejudice with squinting eye,
And Error limping from his shadowy cave,
And Ignorance, and Superstition fly,
On sullen wing, beyond Ontario's wave!
There in congenial glooms to chaunt their spells, and rave.

14.

Faded the splendid west—the breeze is still,
And silence slumbers on the vales around ;—
When hark ! at once, o'er echoing grove and hill,
Rings on the ear the bugle's martial sound.
And nearer now, amid the twilight scene,
A passing troop wind o'er the hill's steep brow,
Th' artill'ry's wheels th' attentive ear may ken,
And horses' hoofs, with sounding pace and slow,
They pass the shadowy copse that skirts the vale below.

15.

Ye who have view'd assembled troops depart,
To seek their country's foes from Britain's shore,
Is there no soft emotion thrills the heart,
Or whispers, " Which of these returns no more ?"
Still where alarm has told of danger near,
And proud Invasion rear'd his threat'ning crest,
As on their route the guardian bands appear,
A keener feeling vibrates through the breast,
And swells the grateful tear of sadness unreprest.

16.

The fast-approaching scene of deathful strife,
A sanguine picture, rises on the view;
And something tells, "The flowery sweets of life
They leave to fight, to bleed, to die for you."
Uninjured still amid these smiling vales,
May patient Labour lead th' autumnal plough;
But loud afar the sound of battle swells,
Nor guiltless waves the sabre of the foe,
Though Britain's squadrons crowd to ward or meet the blow.

17.

Full many a youth, th' unconscious father's boast,
Stretch'd in the dust, shall bless his sight no more;
And many a heart throbs high, on Albion's coast,
For those who slumber on a foreign shore.
Oh! yet again return ye envied hours,
When faint as whispers of a distant stream,
Amid these peaceful plains, and rural bowers,
Th' alarm of war rung but in mem'ry's dream,
The gossip's wonder oft, and oft the old man's theme!

18.

Seen through the deep blue vault, thin sown and far,
Each spangling star its lonely lustre sheds;
Floats not a cloud round Cynthia's silver car,
Pure from her orb its mellow'd radiance spreads;
Soft round each painted cottage floats the beam,
Woods, hills, and vales reflect the checq'ring blaze;
Sparkles, in trembling light, the distant stream,
And, frequent flashing on the watchful gaze,
Bright o'er Heav'n's farthest verge the lambent lightning plays.

19.

Is there an hour that boasts for Fancy's child
A charm more soothing than the glare of day?
Is there a tranquil pleasure, chaste and mild,
Beyond what Art could give or Pomp display?
Ye glades, where Mem'ry still delights to stray!
Scenes that full well might grace a loftier strain!
Oft have ye lured my wand'ring steps away,
Through the green copse or o'er the dewy plain;
Sweet was the lonely hour—'tis past—nor comes again!

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

Autumn.—Gathering in the harvest.—Fall of the leaf.—Commencement of Winter.—Conclusion.

A YEAR IN CANADA.

PART FIFTH.

1.

FULL many a flower the passing breeze has strew'd,
The changing groves a duller green display,
And leaves of flaunting crimson spot the wood,
Or paler yellow sicklies o'er the spray;
Unwelcome tints, forerunners of decay;
Yet warm the noon-tide ray and mild the air,
And tinged with varied hues, profusely gay,
The orchard's ripen'd burden, bright and fair,
Shines in th' autumnal beam, and claims the gath'rer's care.

2.

Where boasts the rich fameuse the rose's glow,
Or rougher pommegris russet tints displays,
They bend the twigs or scale the loftiest bough,
And strip with careful hand the loaded sprays;
Easier the task to shake yon drooping trees,
Whose blushing boughs, o'er-borne, the hand invite,
Their cruder burden, destined to the press,
Comes showering down; and cyder, sparkling bright,
Shall quench the summer's drought or cheer the wintry night.

3.

Then, half amid its stately rows conceal'd,
A busy throng collect the ripen'd maize;
Or where th' uprooting plough has traced the field,
From the dark mould the smooth potatoe raise;
Or from its bed the mellow gourd they bear,
Nor boasts Iberia's fruit a richer dye;
These, when its wintry robe invests the year,
Shall to the stall nutritious juice supply,
And bid the dairy's store with summer's produce vie.

4.

In sombre guise the plunder'd fields appear,
The harvest closed and closed the lab'rer's toil;
Save where preparing for the coming year,
Again the shining ploughshare cleaves the soil;
And now, to husk the maize, a mingled band
Of youths and maids, in joyous mood, convene;
In shriv'lling folds, beneath th' encircling hand,
The faded leaf deserts the glossy grain,
And tale and song and jest amuse the frolic train.

5.

Simple their mirth—but ye in Fortune's bowers,
Who still can mark her follies! who shall chide
Th' untutor'd joy? What sweeter wings the hours
Of flippant Fashion, or pedantic pride?
Yet some, nor sternly wise, nor idly gay,
Have all the charms of intercourse combined,
Where lofty sense, and feeling's sparkling ray,
Inform'd with science, and by taste refined,
Spread the bright feast of thought, the banquet of the mind.

6.

Though in the cottage bower content may smile,
And many a simple charm the scene endear,
Where rural pleasures cheer the summer's toil,
And rural plenty crowns the circling year;
The sweets of polish'd life, of wealth, of taste,
Think not the lay in sullen mood would scorn;
Pure is the breeze that fans Benlomond's breast,
Richer the fragrance on the zephyr borne,
Where India's spicy groves wave to the breath of morn.

7.

Pleasing the art that decks the spacious room,
If social bliss the fleeting hours beguile;
Gaily the tapers gild the winter's gloom,
When round the sculptured hearth the Lares smile;
But oh! if sordid care and vulgar strife,
Through all the scene of mimic pleasure stray,
If madd'ning Discord from the lip of life
Dash the translucent cup of joy away,
Or jealous Envy lour, or cold Deceit betray;

8.

If neither Friendship bless nor Wit adorn
The festive hour, to specious trifling giv'n,
Who that has loved to gaze on Nature's form,
Till Contemplation wing'd her flight to Heav'n,
Who that could weave around Retirement's bower
The wreath by Peace and Independence twined,
And blend with cheerful toil the leisure hour,
Where calm Reflection nerves the musing mind,
Or fans th' exalted glow of sentiment refined,

9.

Would yield for Pleasure's semblance joys like these,
And sport with Folly or with Dulness pine;
Or bending at the altar of Caprice,
The charms of Reason, Freedom, Peace resign?
No, happier far from crowds and cares exiled,
Sweet are those scenes no jarring sounds invade,
The breeze soft whisp'ring through the flowery wild,
In Nature's ever-varying vest array'd,
The river's murm'ring flow, the music of the glade.

10.

But see its trembling leaves around the grove,
In eddying whirl, the winds of Autumn strew,
And bound for southern climes, a faithless drove,
Retiring warblers bid these shades adieu;
While, ill conceal'd amid the thin-clad tree,
The squirrel bounds, the threat'ning tube forbear,
Free let him sport, he asks no boon from thee;
Oh! spare th' impris'ning cage, th' insidious snare,
Dear is his native haunt and sweet his sylvan fare!

11.

Now while as yet, through cloudless skies serene,
O'er faded fields the Indian summer glows,
Go, from the vine the latest cluster glean,
And shake their treasure from the nut-tree's boughs.
'Tis past.—The frost defies the noon-tide beam,
In the steel'd furrow rests the useless plough,
Still thick'ning ice encrusts th' half-cover'd stream,
Unusual mists foretell th' approaching snow,
The flaky shower descends, the wint'ry tempests blow.

12.

Ev'n Winter brings its toils.—The blaze to heap,
Enclose the fields, or form the bounding lines,
The forest, echoing to its sounding sweep,
Beneath the axe her stately race resigns.
Again the snow-clad path the peasants trace,
And urge through drifted heaps the panting steed,
Till o'er the new-form'd road with fleeting pace,
In fearless haste th' unloaded traines proceed,
Erect the drivers stand, and vaunt their coursers' speed.

13.

With hearts elate the homeward path they trace,
Heedless of piercing frosts and day's decline,
Slow o'er the snows retiring twilight strays,
And soon shall Heav'n's blue arch with lustre shine;
Yet dearer, sweeter than yon evening star,
Gleams on the rustic's view a twinkling ray,
'Tis his own cottage, glimm'ring from afar,
Through the shrunk shutter beams of welcome play,
And there shall comfort wait, and rest his toils repay.

14.

Ere long, a nobler Muse, on loftier wing,
May seek those shades, and every charm unfold,
That spreads its beauties in the fleeting Spring,
Or Summer's blush, or Autumn's locks of gold;
O'er the broad lakes in daring pinion sweep,
Or with bold step the forest path explore,
Where to Niagara's resounding steep
Rolls the proud stream, and down with thund'ring roar,
Flings his white dashing waves, and shakes the trembling shore.

15.

Not such the minstrel's skill, nor such the lay,
No classic grace adorns these simple strains;
'Twas but the passing pilgrim of a day,
Who view'd with ling'ring glance yon verdant plains,
Who haply found,—ev'n in that foreign clime,
Some fleeting hours, that live in Mem'ry's view,
" In colours mellow'd, not impair'd, by time,"
Some artless friend that wept to bid adieu,
Who, with unpractised hand, the changeful picture drew.

16.

Back to those scenes the dream of Fancy stole,
And many an hour unfelt has wander'd by.
The vision fades, the winds of Winter roll
Its darkest clouds athwart yon louring sky;
And not a beam of radiance shines on high,
Or gaily sports o'er ice-clad groves below;
Nor traine, nor passing sleigh salutes the eye:
Unfetter'd here the rush-crown'd streamlets flow,
And Scotland's dark-brown heath peeps through the
drifted snow.

NOTES.

NOTES.

PART FIRST.

NOTE I.

Where o'er the ice-bound wave, or beaten way.—St. 5. p. 5.

Travelling on the rivers in winter, is more pleasant, than on the roads, as great part of the snow falls before they are frozen, and the ice in general is perfectly smooth.

NOTE II.

Along the path with verdant branches graced.—St. 5. p. 5.

At the commencement of winter, every one is obliged to mark out a safe track on the road or ice, opposite to his own farm, with branches, (for which the English, in

Lower Canada, as in many other instances, have adopted the French term balises,) planted on each side of the path, at ten or fifteen yards distance. In the vicinity of the town, small twigs, sufficient, indeed, to direct the traveller, even where new-fallen snows have covered the former track, but adding nothing to the beauty of the prospect, are generally all that can be seen; but at a few miles distance, where wood is to be had in plenty and variety near the road, tall branches of pine and cedar are planted in the snow or ice, and resembling an avenue of young trees, often winding gently for miles along the river, have a fine effect.

NOTE III.

Lead the deep-loaded traine and guide the rapid sleigh.
St. 5. p. 5.

The traine is a vehicle universally used in Lower Canada, during winter, for the carriage of provisions, firewood, and stores of every description. It is of very simple construction: two wooden runners about four inches thick, made to turn up gently in front and shod with iron, are coupled by cross beams, over which thin boards are

nailed, and six poles, or, to use terms more common there, *rungs* or *batons* placed erect in each runner, and coupled at the top by withes.

The runners of the sleigh are much slighter, and the *box*, or seat, made according to the taste of the owner, sometimes like the seat of a gig, painted, and often elegantly decorated with fur, is raised about a foot from the ground. This carriage is used for travelling, and making short excursions in or round the town by the English inhabitants. The curricle seems a greater favourite amongst the French Canadians; the seat resembles a sleigh, except that it has a front turned up with a graceful bending, which gives it a light and pleasing appearance; and is not elevated above, but placed on the runners like a traine.

The covered curricle is something like the body of an English coach, but small and of slight construction, placed on low runners like the other.

Large sleighs of a strong and often clumsy construction, (called double because drawn by two horses,) are mostly used by the Scotch settlers in Glengary; and indeed, by all the inhabitants of the upper country, as well as by the Americans who bring their produce to Montreal in winter.

Note IV.

The wond'ring trav'ller finds a milder clime.—St. 6. p. 6.

This change is very striking, turning from the river, or from a road through a comparatively open part of the country, where the keen frosty winds are severely felt, into a forest where, perhaps for miles, only a narrow road has been cut through the trees, which are literally loaded with snow, one is agreeably surprised by the calm mildness of the air.

Note V.

And scarcely through the bush the breezes blow.
St. 7. p. 6.

The bush is a term that in Canada is generally used to denote those extensive forests which still intersect the inhabited parts of the country; and, in Upper Canada, speaking of the distance of a place, they generally say, it is so many miles before you come to the bush, and so many to go through it.

NOTE VI.

A drooping thicket in the narrow way.—St. 8. p. 7.

The branches of young trees, when overcharged by a recent fall of snow, bend so low, that often, in going through the forest, travellers have to stop, and shake them, before they can proceed.

NOTE VII.

The winding wormfence stole its simple bound.

St. 10. p. 8.

The wormfence is very easily constructed. The rails are placed in a slanting direction, so that the ends cross each other, and require neither pins, nor posts to secure them; but the fence thus angling necessarily engrosses a considerable portion of ground, and requires more wood than the common rail, or even logfence; so that it is little used, except in new settlements in Upper Canada, where wood and land are of little value.

NOTE VIII.

Glengary's scattered villages are nigh.—St. 13. p. 9.

Glengary is a district in Upper Canada, mostly peopled by Scotch Highlanders, and rapidly increasing in population.

PART SECOND.

NOTE I.

Yet feeling lightens in the Squaw's dark eye.—St. 8. p. 17.

In this and many points relative to the character and appearance of the original inhabitants of America, I am sensible this account differs widely from that of a late traveller, whose accurate descriptions, and just and liberal remarks, on almost every other topic, must be read with pleasure by every one who has been in Canada; nor do I attempt to dispute his authority with regard to the appearance of the Indians; though I must say, that even in this point, like the knights in the fable of the Gold and Silver Shield, we have undoubtedly contemplated different sides of the picture.

Note II.

Each in her hand her spell-wove wares display'd.

St. 9. p. 17.

Band-boxes and baskets, composed of bark or wood split very thin, dyed and neatly though slightly wove; mocasins. or shoes formed of deer skin; and the ceinture or sash, generally worn over the great-coat in winter, are the principal manufactures of the squaws.

Note III.

Her hat's dark band a blushing wild rose stay'd.

St. 9. p. 17.

Yet flowers do not seem to be a favourite ornament among the Indian women, and I only recollect seeing them twice, on the head of an interesting young squaw from Caghnawanga.

Note IV.

Back o'er her shoulders from her forehead hung.

St. 10. p. 18.

The band of broad leather by which the board support-

ing the child is suspended, is worn over the forehead, and not round the neck, and perhaps from this cause, the squaws walk pretty erect with their burden.

NOTE V.

By thongs suspended and with hoops enclosed.

St. 11. p. 18.

Light hoops, over which are hung one or two pieces of silk or muslin, often fancifully decorated, are fixed to the board over the child's head, to screen it from the sun.

NOTE VI.

The welcome draught in Summer's parching air, &c.

St. 15. p. 20.

I have been told, that in many places of the United States, and even of the British provinces, Canada excepted, an Indian will lie in the open air, and suffer cold or hunger rather than ask admission into a house. This seems to argue that he has, at one period or other, been rudely repulsed. It is not so in Canada; at least in the vicinity of Montreal, an Indian will enter a country house

and state his wants, not with the air of a mendicant, but in a manner which seems to proceed from the consciousness, that were his host in the same circumstances to make a like request to him, it would be answered by every mark of kindness in his power. Nor from aught I observed, do they seem to be repulsed, at least by the French Canadians. I do not believe they come, except when really in want of something, which happens but seldom. The squaws generally offer to pay for whatever they ask; I never remarked an instance of a man's doing so. The following circumstance is true; perhaps the reader may find it interesting.

An Indian, who had been in the habit of calling occasionally at a country house, stopped there on a hot summer day to rest a little, and get a draught of water. The house had changed its inhabitants, and he was ordered to get out immediately. Hurt at this treatment, the more as contrasting it with his former reception, his passion rose, but it was vented only in expressions of detestation and contempt, and he turned from the inhospitable door, which there is no reason to suppose he would again approach. I sighed at the recital. I have often traced the picture of the indignant Indian; and regret that a groundless fear, or a groundless prejudice,

(for I should be unwilling to impute it entirely to pride or ill-nature,) should have dictated so harsh an answer to so simple a request. Whatever degree of ferocity, even of treachery, may be traced in the character of some of the Indian tribes, no late instance of either can, I believe, be produced in the conduct of those who reside in Canada towards its inhabitants. The Canadian peasantry without scruple address them as brothers; it is the title by which they themselves often address Europeans, and there seems something stern and even illiberal in that disposition which turns disgusted from it.

NOTE VII.

And lo! a simple band wind slowly round the glade.

St. 21. p. 23.

I have enquired at several Canadians the meaning of this procession; all the reply I could get was, *Ce'st pour le bled. Ce'st pour remercier le bon Dieu pour le bled.* The priest, attended by a few boys from the Roman Catholic college, and some of the peasantry who join the procession, and attend it to a certain distance from their own houses, walks slowly on, praying and sing-

ing. Those who do not join it, generally kneel till it is past.

NOTE VIII.

Braced round his warm capot the gay ceinture.

St. 25. p. 25.

The great-coat of the Canadians is of a particular form, with a small hood, which in stormy weather they draw over their heads. The ceinture or sash, before-mentioned, of Indian manufacture, is sewed with coloured worsted, pleasingly intermingled in different figures, and sometimes decorated with beads. It is generally worn by the peasantry, and even by their children, partly, perhaps, for ornament, but custom has made it so comfortable, that no Canadian thinks himself completely equipt to go out in a stormy day, without a belt of some kind round his coat.

NOTE IX.

Nor may the tenant of those vallies vie, &c.—St. 27. p. 26.

The Canadians seem, in a great measure, to have lost

that martial spirit which has been ascribed to them, at least I remarked no traces of it; but they are hardy travellers, and, it is said, daring voyagers; so it may be presumed they are capable of defending with courage, every cause in which their dearest interests are concerned.

PART THIRD.

Note I.

In towering ranks the loftier maize enfolds.—St. 5. p. 31.

The ground (after being ploughed in the Autumn), is generally prepared for the maize by being cross drilled in Spring, at about three feet distance. The drills thus intersect each other, and where they cross, the grains, if maize, are thrown in and lightly covered with two or three inches depth of mould. The pumpkin seeds are generally planted along with the corn, sometimes later.

The tall stalk of the Indian corn, standing in regular lines, with its reed-like leaves, and silky tuft waving from the top, and the broad dark-green leaves of the creeping gourd, intermingled with its orange-coloured blossom below, have a beautiful appearance.

NOTE II.

The new fall'n flowers that drank the dew to-day.

St. 5. p. 31.

Sometimes, though not often, hay cut in the morning and turned incessantly under a scorching sun, may be taken in before night; it is not built in stacks, but housed in the barns, which are generally large and built of wood.

PART FOURTH.

Note I.

Wide o'er the half-till'd plains the tide of plenty roll'd.
St. 5. p. 43.

The epithet of half-till'd, will not appear improper to any one acquainted with the superficial mode of culture given to new land in Canada; where, after ploughing slightly round the still remaining roots of the trees, they reap abundant harvests.

Note II.

" One grateful mite of all they gave" demand.
St. 6. p. 44.

" Thy worn-out lands, like thirsting Timon, crave
One grateful mite of all the wealth they gave."
Carolina, or the Planter.

NOTE III.

Marking the change, yet heedless of its cause.

St. 6. p. 44.

The French Canadians are fully sensible of the gradual decline in the produce of their lands. *Ce'st de vielle terre, bonne pour rien,* is a common expression amongst them, when speaking of land which has been long under cultivation.

NOTE IV.

Nor change nor rest the wearied fields renew.

St. 6. p. 44.

Observations on Agriculture, by one who was never in the habit of paying that subject any attention, except during a short residence in Canada, there only remarking its operations in a very limited scale, cannot, perhaps, be very accurate; but it is easily seen by any one who has an opportunity of observing the different modes of farming practised by the Canadians, and the British who have settled amongst them, that the mismanagement of the former cannot be said to have reduced their land to that

state into which one skilled in agriculture may bring a farm he means purposely to exhaust. Their farms have, with little variation, been alternately ploughed and left in pasture, very slightly manured, and seldom if ever under a green crop. The culture of maize is but little attended to, that of potatoes still less; pease are raised in tolerable quantities, but wheat is the universal favourite among the Canadians, though they often have but four or five returns.

Indian corn and potatoes, especially the latter, are raised in great plenty by the English settlers. The hoeing them in summer requires a great deal of labour, (especially on farms newly purchased from Canadians, which are generally over-run with thistles), but that is not lost, for both crops are very profitable, and the ground, thus well cleared, generally bears an excellent crop of grain the second year, and may be laid down in grass to advantage the third.

NOTE V.

Proudly they fled who might have nobly staid.

St. 7. p. 44.

The general though not universal desertion of the

country by men of property, who had grants of land under the French government, is a well-known fact, and is particularly mentioned by the Abbe Raynal.

NOTE VI.

Mould'ring beneath some tasteless peasant's care.

St. 8. p. 45.

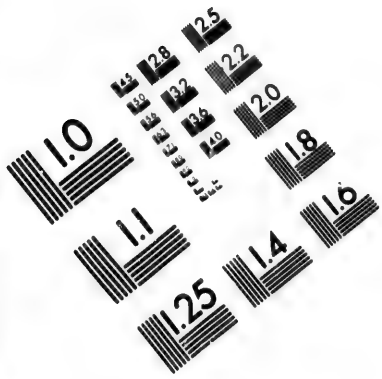
This is no fancied picture; I have seen several, not differing much, except in size, from the houses of the peasantry, seemingly built more with a view to comfort and convenience than needless show; the idea of their desertion, and the appearance of the neglected garden, fences, &c. throw a gloom over the mind of a reflecting beholder.

NOTE VII.

They leave "to fight, to bleed, to die for you."

St. 16. p. 49.

This is a quotation, I do not know from whom.



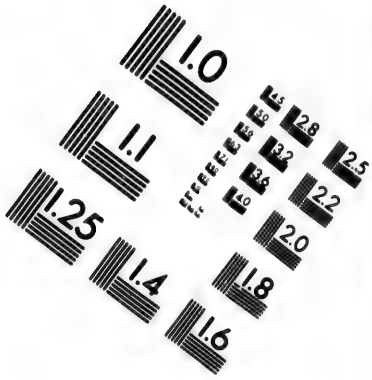
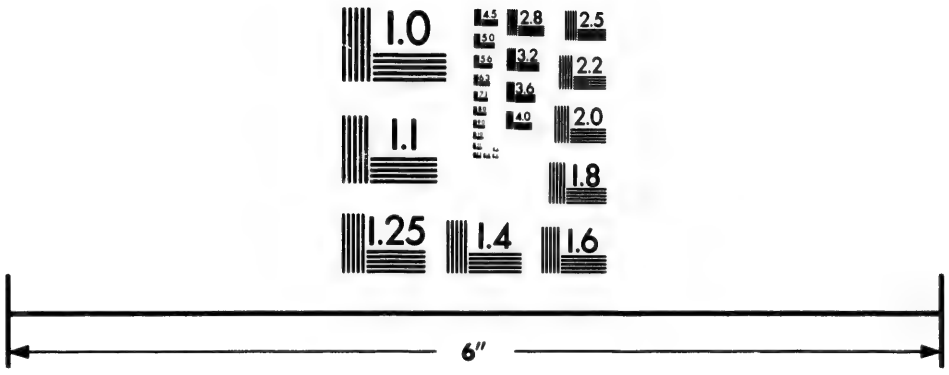
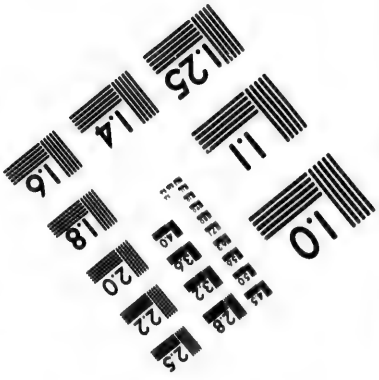


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

PART FIFTH.

Note I.

Where boasts the rich fameuse the rose's glow, &c.

St. 2. p. 54.

The English inhabitants have given no distinguishing names to the different apples which the orchards in Canada, and especially on the island of Montreal, produce in high perfection, but adopted their Canadian titles. The fameuse is a large apple tinged with a beautiful red, very juicy and of a pleasant flavour. The pommegris resembles an English russet, and may be preserved for a year. These are not the only kinds which are highly valued, and of course carefully gathered; nor can I enumerate them all. The common cyder apples grow in great abundance.

NOTE II.

A busy throng collect the ripen'd maize.—St. 3. p. 54.

The maize is just plucked from the stalk when ripe, and is so easily gathered, that children may assist in the task.

NOTE III.

Or where th' uprooting plough has traced the field.
St. 3. p. 54.

It must not be inferred from this, that cleaning and taking up potatoes by the plough is common in Lower Canada. This is not the case, except among the English farmers there, whose mode of cultivating their lands is principally alluded to in this and some stanzas in the Third Part.

NOTE IV.

Of youths and maids in joyous mode convene.—St. 4. p. 55.

Parties, mostly of young people, assemble by turns in their respective houses to husk the corn, and when the

task is finished spend the evening in social enjoyment. This might be called, Harvest-home, and seems all they have in lieu of it.

NOTE V.

And bound for southern climes a faithless drove.

St. 10. p. 58.

The migration of the feathery tribes from Canada to the southern parts of America, has been noticed by travellers, and it is almost unnecessary to add to their remarks on the subject.

NOTE VI.

O'er faded fields the Indian Summer glows.—St. 11. p. 58.

The Indian Summer, is a term given in Montreal and its vicinity to a fortnight or ten days of fine clear weather, (though frosty at night), which generally comes in the latter end of October, or beginning of November.

To an English reader, gathering grapes at that season in such a climate, may sound rather strangely; but I am simply stating circumstances which fell within the sphere

of my own observation, without attempting to account for them, and have eaten grapes gathered during that period, of a very pleasant flavour. They were raised in a garden, but without the aid of glasses. The wild grapes, which grow in great plenty, are sour and not worth gathering.

NOTE VII.

Unusual mists foretell th' approaching snow.

St. 11. p. 58.

Mist is indeed unusual, almost unknown, in Canada, except that which hovers over the ground a day or two before the snow begins to fall, and is a certain presage of the coming storm.

NOTE VIII.

Enclose the fields, or form the bounding lines.

St. 12. p. 59.

The line fence is that which divides one farm from another, and is constructed and kept in repair by the owners of each, who do not labour mutually, but divide the fence into equal portions, of which each attends to his own allotted share.

NOTE IX.

Heedless of piercing frosts and day's decline.

St. 18. p. 59.

This is really the case; yet I believe instances of people losing their way and perishing from cold, are not so common there as in Britain, owing partly, perhaps, to there being fewer who travel on foot, and partly to the general serenity of the sky even in winter, and the regular manner in which the roads are laid out, running along in front of the farms, which are seldom more than three or four acres wide, and the houses in general only a few yards distant from the road, so that there is little risk of a traveller's losing his way, or being at a distance from shelter, except in going through the forest, where, as has been already observed, the cold is not so intense.

NOTE X.

Through the shrunk shutter beams of welcome play.

St. 18. p. 59.

Wood, even where it is not exposed to the parching heat of the stove, shrinks very much in Canada, owing, perhaps, to its being used before it is well seasoned.

GERALDINE.

GERALDINE.

I.

Burst from her heart the struggling sigh,
Her changing cheek turn'd deadly pale;
But fixt resolve was in her eye,
And calm, and sad, she said, " Farewell!

" Farewell! thy vassal's orphan child
From all the joys of guilt can flee;
Though she would dwell in desert wild,
To live to Virtue and to thee."

" Then hear," he said, " this one request,
In holy fane our vows be giv'n,
Heard only by th' appointed priest,
And all-observing ear of Heav'n;

And thine shall be the rural home,
Where winds the streamlet down the dell."
Fast o'er her cheek's returning bloom
The shower of melting fondness fell.

II.

Sir Edward! though her humbler race
Could ill aspire to rank with thine,
For every charm,—for every grace,
The maid might match a nobler line.

Beside thy own, her gallant sire
Had often stemm'd the tide of fight!
With dauntless heart, and eye of fire,
The bravest follower of the knight.

And in Sir Richard's latest field,
When widely waved the Danish sword,
Still, still his place the warrior held,
And fought,—and fell,—beside his lord!

He fell, and gave one dear bequest,
A fair, a young, an orphan child;
And by the aged knight carest,
Sweet in his hall the cherub smiled,

Till the cold hand of Death consign'd
His well-loved consort to the tomb,
And to the sister's care resign'd,
A convent hid the orphan's bloom.

At distance then, in fields of death,
The gallant heir of Elmsdale fought,
But through her glades loud rumour's breath,
Full oft his deeds of valour brought.

III.

The rose may blush in cloister'd cell,
It dyes the cheek of Geraldine;
But, ere she took the hallow'd veil,
Quick summon'd from the convent scene,

Fondly to Elmsdale's towers she flew,
To watch her guardian's last repose,
And duteous came Sir Edward too,
To sooth the pangs of nature's close.

Amid the scene of fun'ral gloom,
The knight has mark'd her dark-blue eye;
Her lip, the heath-flower's op'ning bloom,
Unfolding to the summer's sigh.

Whether the shower of sorrow flow,
Or o'er her cheek soft blushes move;
The sparkling tear, the deep'ning glow,
Still fan the kindling fire of love:

But he, whose soul serene and bright,
Inspired a form of manly grace,
Rose on the young enthusiast's sight,
A being of superior race.

There is a love, though seldom seen,
Stronger than passion's headlong swell;

That round the heart of Geraldine
Had lock'd its soul-entrancing spell.

IV.

The oath-bound priest to silence bought,
The appointed hour of midnight peal'd;
Nor has it crost the father's thought,
Whose was the hand Sir Edward held.

Through painted glass, the moonbeams throw
Their trembling light o'er pillars pale,
And scarce the knight his bride might know
All shrouded in the snowy veil.

But ne'er a form more sweetly fair,
In monarch's glitt'ring court shall shine,
Nor purer—fonder bosom e'er
Rise softly at the hallow'd shrine.

V.

No sprightly rout with minstrel lay
Has graced Sir Edward's nuptial morn,
Nor costly feast, nor revel gay,
Fair Elmsdale's lofty halls adorn.

And lone are now fair Elmsdale's towers,
But where its brook's wild waters fall,
Or gaily bloom the summer flowers,
And sweetly smiles the sylvan hall.

No tapestry decks the lady's bower,
Nor waves the banner on the wall;
Green rushes strew the rural floor,
The red-deer's antlers grace the hall;

Nor broider'd zone, nor diamonds sheen,
Blaze on her light robe's graceful fold,
But o'er the vest of simple green
Her ringlets fall in waving gold.

Yet lends the harp its soothing sound,
One aged minstrel loves the scene;
And one—a fair and fav'rite hound,
Fawns on the hand of Geraldine.

Well loves the knight, when morning's dawn
Gleams on the blue lake bright and clear,
To urge his courser o'er the lawn,
Or rouse the trembling forest deer.

Well loves the knight in sultrier hour,
With musing hermit-step to rove,
Where mingling beech and pine-trees tower,
And Nature frames the wild alcove.

But when the west, with crimson glow,
Welcomes the radiant orb of day,
Sweetly the minstrel's numbers flow,
And sweeter still the lady's lay.

There be round Hymen's sacred ties,
Who Love's luxuriant wreath can twine;

And hadst thou known the charm to prize,
Sir Edward! all that bliss was thine.

Yet ne'er had Art her lesson taught,
That bosom sway'd by Nature's law;
That heart with tender feeling fraught,
And watchful love, and modest awe.

Still o'er her cheek the varying dye
Spreads quick from Feeling's throbbing shrine,
And still the soul-enchanting eye
With soften'd sweetness beams on thine.

VI.

Soft falls the blossom from the broom,
On August's bosom fades the rose,
But rich and deep the heather bloom
O'er all the empurpled mountain glows.

'Tis past!——September's evenings mild
Have closed on many a harvest day;
And ruder breezes sweep the wild,
And faintly gleams the solar ray;

And darkly on yon mountain's brow,
November's louring glooms repose;
And in the shepherd's cot below,
The evening faggot brightly glows.

And leaves the knight his lone retreat?
Love may not bind him longer there,
Afar he goes his peers to meet,
The lists to grace—the banquet share.

But while stern winter closes round,
O will the fair all lonely stay,
Left in the wild wood's dreary bound,
With youthful page and minstrel grey!

No selfish wish that heart may wear,
She strives to hide the pearly shower;

Yet " wilt thou, 'mid the gay and fair,
Think sometimes on thy forest bower?"

VII.

His followers range in order gay,
To meet their lord on castle-lawn;
With heavy heart and sleepless eye,
The lady watch'd the unwelcome dawn.

Though deep her struggling bosom's swell,
No murmur chill'd the fond adieu;
But cold her heart—her cheek grew pale,
As through the glade his courser flew.

She cross'd the hall's deserted bound,
The fav'rite dog in slumber lay,
Ah! dream not that the horn shall sound,
To call thee to the chase to-day!

All darkly lours the wintry sky,
And thick the stormy showers descend,
And, waving to the wild wind's sigh,
With sullen sound the branches bend.

Chill blows the blast—fast falls the shower,
But in the hall the fire burns gay,
And oft, to steal the wintry hour,
The aged minstrel pours the lay.

VIII.

The storm has raged its strength away,
In soften'd gales the south wind blows,
With spiry leaf the crocus gay
Peeps sweetly through the melting snows.

Hark!—is not that his courser's tread?
'Twas but the breeze that swept the rill,
The appointed day is come and fled,
The knight of Elmsdale lingers still.

IX.

" And haste thee back, my boy," she said;
Yet, yet the page has tarried long,
Though gleams the castle through the glade,
Where lone she waits with bosom wrung.

Where, where was Honour's guardian power?
No vain report the tidings spread,
From Brankden's hall to Elmsdale's bower,
A courtly bride the knight has led.

Oh, Edward! though her dower had strove
With Persian sceptre's rubied glow,
What was it to thy injured love,
What to thy Heav'n-attested vow!

Unnoticed round the lonely bower
The unfolding sweets of spring shall blow;
No hand is there to crop the flower,
No eye to mark its beauties now.

The page—the minstrel—join the train,
In Elmsdale's courts of festive joy.
And can Sir Edward ask again,
" How fares thy mistress—say, my boy ?"

" When Night her shadowy curtain spread,
The lady wept in sylvan bower;
When morning tinged the skies with red,
I waked,—but she was there no more."

Pause not, Sir Knight,—amid the halls
The guests are set—the attendants wait;
Pause not, Sir Knight,—the banquet calls,
And thou hast found a nobler mate.

And all is splendour, pomp, and pride,
And all in Pleasure's guise is drest,
For richly flows the golden tide;
But oh!—if Elmsdale's lord be blest.

Ev'n when the banquet sparkles high,
And soft the sounds of music flow,

As meets that page his master's eye,
What passing cloud o'ercasts his brow?

Why does he still the chase forsake,
If seek the deer yon beechen grove?
Why may the minstrel never wake
The lay that plains of faithless love?

X.

Fond Fortune's child—in vain carest:—
And can Sir Edward's bride repine?
Oh! where is now that faithful breast,
Whose every wish was lost in thine?

How oft amid the louring storm,
Of sullen pride and peevish spleen,
Shall mem'ry paint the peerless form,
And gentle heart of Geraldine!

XI.

No heir has blest Sir Edward's bed,
To gild with smiles the castle's gloom;
Three sullen summers slowly sped,
The fourth shone o'er his lady's tomb!

Remembrance wakes more fond, more keen,
For "where is now that lovely flower,
Who well might grace the gayest scene,
In lofty hall or lordly bower?

"It came—the dream of wealth and power—
A rainbow form that charm'd to flee;
Ill was it worth one blissful hour
Thy once loved Edward pass'd with thee."

The faithful page has sought in vain,
In lonely cot or village bower,
In sylvan shade or flowery plain,
The Rose of Elmsdale blooms no more.

XII.

Pensive the knight,—the morn was fair,
He cross'd his steed at early dawn,
And musing rode, unheeding where,
By forest deep, and verdant lawn,

Till o'er a stream-embowering glade,
Where high surrounding mountains swell,
His courser's fleeting pace he staid,
To mark the beauties of the dell.

A winding pathway threads the vale,
O'er fragrant birch the pine-trees tower,
The wild rose blushes to the gale,
Twined with the woodbine's fringing flower.

The summer sun shone high and clear,
When bounding fast by brake and tree,
A milk-white hound came fawning near,
And fawning sought Sir Edward's knee.

Conjecture flash'd through sorrow's gloom,
For soon the faithful dog he knew;
When lo! a boy in infant bloom,
In tend'rer meaning, fixt his view!

Ah! fond yet faithless! well I ween
May'st thou the blooming infant know;
He wears the smile of Geraldine,
Thy eagle glance and lordly brow.

With wild surmise—with fearful joy,
Th' unconscious child Sir Edward eyed;
"And who art thou, my lovely boy,
Or what thy father's name?" he cried.

"My name is Edward of the dell,"
The answering cherub blush'd and smiled,
"And dost thou seek the hermit's cell,
For I am Father Bertrand's child?"

Alighting from his sable steed,
He gain'd the monk's sequester'd cell,

Age shed its honours o'er his head,
His mien was mild, his cheek was pale.

"Oh! tell me, father, tell me true!
Who is it in this sylvan wild
That owns that hound of milky hue,
And who the parent of the child?"

"But, gallant stranger! who art thou
Whose steps have sought the lonely dell?
For but to one I may avow—
To one on earth—the mournful tale."

"If rumour e'er the glade explored,
Sacred to solitude and thee;
Thou may'st have heard of Elmsdale's lord."
"I have,"—"and, father, I am he."

"Then rest, Sir Knight—the glen's wild flowers
Have thrice adorn'd the summer ray,
Since, where yon aged elm-tree towers,
I mark'd a lovely stranger stray.

'Tis not to share in Nature's joy,
'Tis not to pluck the budding rose,
For, fondling o'er her infant boy,
The shower of tender sorrow flows.

Oft had she silent pass'd and slow,
Till once, when thunder shook the vale,
She came—the pensive child of woe
Was welcome still to Bertrand's cell.

I strove to sooth, but ill can paint
The grief whose vainly smother'd sigh
Disdain'd the murmur of complaint,
And shunn'd the probe of sympathy.

But from the radiant throne on high
Had mercy shed its sweetest beam,
The hope of immortality,
And well the mourner loved the theme.

Still, still her placid eyes betray
The settled sorrow, deep but meek,

And the bright ensign of decay
Waves fluttering on her fading cheek.

Another winter swept the glade,
And summer rose array'd in bloom,
While she in lone retirement's shade
Was slowly sinking in the tomb.

'Twas in a peasant's widow's shed
That child first drew his infant breath,
And there my pensive steps were led
To watch his parent's couch of death.

Pass we the church's mystic rite,
The wonted bead and hallow'd prayer,
Ere life's faint torch was set in night,
To me she gave her earthly care.

A jewell'd cross, in glittering pride,
Depending from a pearly band,
Around the infant's neck she tied
With tearful eye and trembling hand.

" Father," she said, " when I am fled,
Oh ! wilt thou take this friendless child,
And let him share thy mossy bed,
Thy peaceful cell and counsel mild ?

" Though left forlorn in cottage bower,
That infant bears no peasant's name ;
Where Elmsdale rears her lofty tower,
My son a noble sire may claim.

" Yet thou in sacred silence keep
The secret trusted to thy breast,
And let the tale unnoticed sleep
Which only coming death could wrest.

" But, ah ! if ever fate should bring
Sir Edward Eldin to thy view,
Then give to him this glittering ring,"—
The token forth the hermit drew,—

" Haply it may recall once more
A sacred rite, a solemn scene,

In holy church at midnight hour
It cross'd the hand of Geraldine!

" And should the throb of feeling move,
Lead to his knee his youthful son,
The tender pledge of wedded love,
For I am guiltless, though undone.

" Yet, yet if vain regret should sting,
And wild remorse for broken truth
His breast with keener anguish wring,
Thine be the care that grief to sooth.

" Blest be that word, from Heaven above
I deem'd the wish of meekness came,
Alas! it sprung from earthly love,
The triumph of no common flame.

" For oh! should time retreating move,
And give those hours for ever lost,
Scarce might I yield his fatal love
For all the joy that life can boast.

And yet, in spite of sorrow dear,
Death's icy hand alone can chill
The cherish'd wish warm glowing here,
To live beloved in mem'ry still.

Yes, I have seen his wak'ning ruth
And late repenting sorrow flow,
And knelt and pray'd to Heaven to sooth,
And weeping shared his fancied woe.

If true the dream, may'st thou be near,
And with its fond forgiveness join
This heart's last wish, Oh! bid him bear
The contrite grief to Mercy's shrine.

So shall a ray of passive joy
Gleam sweet o'er sorrow's ebbing tide;
So may he view his blooming boy
With all a father's conscious pride.

And think how swift the summer flew
In sylvan bower, in forest green,

And many a tender hour review
That past with love and Geraldine.

And say " still faithful, still the same
She lived to bless, and blessing died.
Ill, ill were given so dear a claim
For all that earth could boast beside.

" Yet stay, my child;—by him above
Oh be the tender crime forgiven,
But thou with more than idol love
Hast paid to man the dues of Heaven.

" Father, I know,"—one contrite tear
Roll'd gently o'er her visage mild,
But Faith, and Hope, and Peace, were there,
And soft the parting spirit smiled.

Remembrance thrill'd the old man's soul,
Where Pity reign'd with aspect meek,
And the bright dews of feeling stole
In silver current down his cheek.

But dark remorse in furious glare
Had fix'd Sir Edward's tearless eye,
And the cold stupor of Despair
Lock'd in his breast the dormant sigh.

The hermit mark'd his brow of gloom,
And strove to burst the dark'ning spell,
" Oh wouldst thou see the lowly tomb
Of one who loved thee passing well?"

With hurried step the path he trod,
An infant birch-tree's fragrant bough
Hangs weeping o'er that verdant sod,
The slumb'ring dust lies cold below.

He kneels, but oh! that gloomy eye!
Stay, stay thy lips! no hallow'd prayer,
Some rash, some dreadful oath is nigh,
Some frantic purpose louring there.

" Oh stay, thy bosom's tumult rein,
Say wouldst thou slight the last request,

The tomb of her thou lov'dst profane,
Or rouse the ashes of the blest

" To injured love the tear, the sigh
Of fond remembrance well is due,
But Heaven has call'd her to the sky,
And thou hast duties yet to do:

" Then stay—thy bosom's tumult rein ;
Say, wouldst thou slight the last request,
The tomb of her thou lov'dst profane,
Or rouse the ashes of the blest?"

Fell on his heart the mild appeal,
The blood in quicker circles flow'd,
But, torn with grief's convulsive swell,
His struggling bosom prest the sod.

The rising throb the hermit eyed,
He saw the bursting torrent flow,
Nor strove to check the welcome tide,
But blest the hour of soften'd woe.

He saw the combat half was won,
And placed the child his arms between,
" Oh kindly rear thy infant son,
'Tis all that lives of Geraldine !"

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

THE KEEP-SAKE.

Oh! know'st thou why, to distance driven,
When Friendship weeps the parting hour,
The simplest gift, that moment given,
Long, long retains a magic power?

Still, when it meets the musing view,
Can half the theft of time retrieve,
The scenes of former bliss renew,
And bid each dear idea live?

It boots not if the pencill'd rose
Or sever'd ringlet meet the eye,
Or India's sparkling gems enclose
The talisman of sympathy.

" Keep it—yes, keep it for my sake,"—
On Fancy's ear still peals the sound,
Nor Time the potent charm shall break,
Nor loose the spell by Nature bound.

Canada, 1811.

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS ELIZA FARQUHARSON CRUDEN.*

THE ling'ring night that shades the pole,
When winter's howling tempests roll,
Is dark,—but darker still
The cloud that hides to-morrow's skies,
The veil that dipt in shadowy dyes,
So oft conceals from human eyes
The Almighty's changeless will.

---

* The infant daughter of William Cruden, Esq. of Belleville, Stirlingshire, killed on the road to Aberdeen, near Cupar-Angus, on the 13th of December, 1814. Mr Cruden conducted the child and his sister to Perth, and handed them into the Union Coach, in which they were the only passengers.

But Hope can bid the coming morn
December's midnight skies adorn,
  And Faith devoutly own;
Dark as they seem to mortal sight,
Thy paths, oh Lord! are cloudless light,
And Mercy fair, and Justice bright,
  Attendants of thy throne.

Affection's blossom fondly rear'd,
The fair, the tender flower appear'd;
  Who fear'd the coming blast?
Who, with prognosticating eye,
Could trace the tempest in the sky?
Ere aught had whisper'd danger nigh,
  The hour of Fate was past!

The coach had proceeded about a hundred yards from the inn at Cupar, when, passing over a small stone, the child was instantaneously thrown out, the door flying open at the moment, and pitched on the back of her head. When the guard raised her from the ground, she was breathing, but life was gone. Miss Cruden, who had adopted the child as her own, had the affliction to witness the untimely fate of her infant *protegé*.

Yet Faith shall wipe Affection's tear,
While bending o'er the untimely bier,
And trust the power divine,
And every sacred promise claim—
Oh! not in vain the promise came!
And early taught the Saviour's name,
Thy father's God was thine.

None can unfold what joys or cares,
Had waited on thy future years,
But that All-ruling Hand
Amid the deluge, wild and dark,
Who steer'd the life-preserving ark,
Sent forth the storm, and moor'd the bark,
On Jordan's farther strand.

Fix'd was the hour, and fix'd the cause,
In God's irrevocable laws;
The awful summons given,
Swift as the torrid tempests sweep,
Swift as their light'nings gild the steep,
It came,—it lock'd the dust in sleep,
And call'd the soul to Heaven.

Ah, then, though Memory love the view,
Though Nature's tender tears bedew
  The cherub's early tomb,
Yet say not—" Faded ere her prime ;"
Beyond the realms of Death and Time,
The flower adorns a brighter clime,
  Unfolds a richer bloom.

THE END.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by James Ballantyne, & Co.